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A Romance in Skeleton.

A calm, delightful Autumn night—
A Moon's mysterious, golden Light—
A Maiden at her Window height,
In robes of pure and fleecy White.

The little Wicket Gate ajar—
A Lover tripping from afar,
With tuneful voice and light Guitar,
To woo his radiant Guiding Star.

A Lute with soft, insidious Twang—
Oh, how the doting Lover sang!
A Bull Dog, with Remorseless Fang—
A Nip, a Grip, a Deathly Pang.

A Maiden with a startled Glance—
A Shrieking for Deliverance—
A kind of weird, hilarious Dance
A Pair of Riven Doeskin Pants.

A Maiden fainting with affright—
A Lover in a sickening Plight—
A Bull Dog chuckling with Delight—
A wild, delirious Autumn Night!

OUR PRESIDENTS.

DESCRIPTION OF THEIR PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Justly enough has it been said that "No man was ever elected president of the United States because of his good looks." Many of our presidents could not have been nominated for office had beauty been an indispensible qualification in our chief magistrate.

Washington was a man of imposing presence, and it would have been admitted that he was better looking than most men, even by an observer who was not under the power of the spell cast by his great deeds and great name. The popular idea of the Father of his Country came from Stuart's portrait; and there is at least one competent authority that that famous painting is too highly idealized to afford a just likeness of the just man. In Mr. Edmund Quincy's noble "Life of Josiah Quincy," we find the following passage (pp. 50-52): "I was curious to know how my father's recollections of the personal apperance of Washington agreed with the popular description and pictorial representations of it with which we all are familiar He was not an imaginative man, and never dressed his heroes in colors of fancy. No man had a profounder reverence for Washington than he, but this did not affect his perceptions of physical phenomena, nor his recollections of them. My mother, on the contrary, was 'of imagination all compact,' and Washington was in her mind's eye, as she recalled him, more than a hero—a superior being, as far above the common race of mankind in majesty and grace of person and bearing as in moral grandeur. This was one of the few subjects which my father and mother differed in opinion. He maintained that Stuart's portrait is a highly idealized one presenting its great object as the artist thought he ought to live in the minds of posterity, but not a strong resemblance of the actual man in flesh. He always declared that the portrait by Savage in the college dinning room in Harvard Hall, at Cambridge, was the best likeness he had ever seen of Washington though its merits as a work of art are but small. With this opinion my mother could not agree. Stuart's Washington, could hardly come up to the gracious figure that dwelt in her memory. One day, when talking over those times in his old age, I asked my father to tell me what were his recollections of Washington's personal presence and bearing. 'I will tell you,' said he 'just how he struck me. He reminded of the gentleman who used to come to Boston in those days to attend the General Court from Hampden or Franklin county, in the western part of the state. A little stiff in his person, not a little formal in his manners, not particularly at ease in the presence of strangers. He had the air of a country gentlemen not much accustomed to mixing in society, perfectly polite but not easy in his address and conversation, and not graceful in his gait, and movements.' From recollections of Mr. (William) Sullivan, which he published many years afterwards, it would seem that the impression made upon him by Washington, who was the object of his political idolatry, was much the same as that made upon his friend. He says: "In his own house, his actions were very deliberate and dignified, without pretensions to gracefulness or peculiar manner, but merely natural, as might be expected in such a man. When walking in the streets his movements had not the soldierly air which might have been expected. His habitual motions had been formed long before he took command of the American armies, in the wars of the interior or in surveying the wilderness lands—employments in which elegance and grace were not likely to be acquired. It certainly was perfectly natural that Washington's manners should have been those of a country gentleman living remote from the cities, he having been engaged in rural occupations the chief part of his life, and moving in a very narrow circle of society, when he was called at the age of 43 to leadership of the revolution.' We prefer Mrs. Josiah Quincy's estimate of Washington to that of her husband, because she was a woman capable of forming opinions on all matters; because women are far better judges of character than men; but Mr. Quincy's estimate is entitled to great weight.

President John Adam's portrait creates a belief that he was a good looking man when young and also in middle age. His grandson, C. F. Adams, in closing his "Life" of his grandfather, says: "In figure John Adams was not tall, scarcely exceeding middle height, but of a stout well-knit frame, denoting vigor and long life, yet as he grew old, inclining more and more to corpulency. His head was large and round, with a wide forehead and expanded brows

His eye was mild and benignant, perhaps even humorous when he was free from emotion, but when excited it fully expressed the vehemence of the spirit that stirred within. His presence was grave and imposing on serious occasions, but not unbending." A very good description of the man, and remarkable as coming from a relative, who was 19 years old at the time of the ex-president's death.

President Jefferson was a very tall man—as tall as Washington—and this, a drawback on his figure when he was young and slim, was highly favorable to his appearance in later life. He was, even in youth, an impressive man, with a good but not handsome face. He was a very fair man, and for every man of that complexion who is good looking there are at least twenty dark men who are thus favored by nature. He was a polite and pleasing man, but never insulted others by condescension.

Mr. William Sullivan tells us that President Madison was "a man of small stature and grave appearance," when in Congress (1789-97:) adding that "at the close of his Presidency (1817) he seemed to be a careworn man, and appeared by his face to have attained a more advanced age than was the fact. He had a calm expression, a penetrating blue eye, and looked a thinking man. He was dressed in black, bald on the top of his head, powdered, of rather protuberant person in front, small lower limbs (meaning spindle-shanks,) and grave in speech." Evidently not a beauty man—but he had capital brains.

Of President Monroe we have two accounts; one represents him as tall and insignificant, and the other as short and more insignificant. A life of him, by a competent person, could be made a more interesting work than that of any other President we have had in the sixty years that separate the outgoing of John Adams from the incoming of Abraham Lincoln.

President John Quincy Adams was a small man. We saw him about the time he had entered his 70th year, when many years had told upon him, making him stoop.

President Jackson would have been a handsome figure, had he not been so thin and spare; but as we saw him only when on horseback—and he was a superb horseman—he may have appeared to be better looking than he was. His face was wan and thin, and his hair, which was abundant, though he was 66 years old, was milk white.

President Van Buren we saw when he was 51 years old, he being then Vice President, and we thought he would have been handsome had not his flowing locks been so long before removed by the malignity of time. Baldness makes handsome men ugly, and an ugly man uglier than the devil.

President Harrison had the reputation of having been good looking in early life, and portraits of him in his age confirm the belief that had come down.

President Tyler really was a good looking man, but he was very far advanced in years when he entered office.

President Polk was paltry, and seemed so be feeble.

President Tyler was rugged, but he had a good head.

The handsomest of all our presidents was unquestionably President Fillmore We saw him some years before he became President, and thought then, as we think now, that he was a most striking specimen of masculine beauty. The only men we have seen that could be classed with him in looks are Mr. Webster, in his 49th year, and Mr. Hawthorne in his 50th year. Mr. Fillmore had the best figure of the three, and Mr. Webster had the better head, and Mr. Hawthorne's face was that of a god—in marble—and it was well set off by the best of black hair.

President Pierce was a bland, pleasing man, but would not have been noted for good looks in a crowd.

President Buchanan had a large presence, but his face often had a simpering expression that did not match well his portly proportions. Mr. Hawthorne, who was Consul at Liverpool for much of the time that Mr. Buchanan was our Minister in London, saw something of him, and wrote of him, in his "Note-Book," on the 13th of September, 1855: "The tall, large figure of Mr. —— has a air of state and dignity; he carries his head in a very awkward way, but still looks like a man of long and high authority, and, with his white hair, is now quite venerable. There is certainly a lack of polish, a kind of rusticity, notwithstanding which you feel him to be a man of the world. I should think he might succeed very tolerably in English society, being heavy and sensibly cool, kindly and good humored, with a great deal of experience in life." He was a bachelor, the only bachelor President we ever had—which was, perhaps, the reason he took the dissolution of the Union so easily. It has been said that he had a love affair in his youth which turned out unlucky, like many other such affairs.

President Lincoln was an ungainly looking figure, but had a good head, and an expressive face. He too, had an affair of the heart and a friend of his told us that he had never seen or heard of a stranger or stronger one—and that no romance contained anything of the kind. "I do believe," he said, "he would have died had not the lady relented."

General Grant is a plain, short man, but in regarding him as great as his deeds, men are affected much as poor Desdemona was when she listened to Othello's tough yarns—the half of which probably were lies.

Mr. Johnson was a personable President.

President Hayes is far from being ill-looking.

Portraits of General Garfield represent him as a man of fine appearance.

'Tis said that women do not care for beauty in men as men care for it in women. It may be so—we know nothing about the matter; but good looks are passports everywhere, like good manners and good property. Yet it must be allowed that very handsome women frequently do marry very hideous fellows; and there is consolation in the fact, for misery likes consolation as much as it likes company. To adjust the balance between the sexes, many wise men marry very dull women, who make very good wives, of the "homely household savor" order—women who wash well, and wear better.—*Boston Traveler.*

Sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words. It is like traveling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing then will serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.—*Tillotson.*

Fear of Lightning.

SOME HINTS ON THE SUBJECT FROM ONE WHO HAS "SEEN LIGHTNING STRIKE."

Twenty years ago the writer remembers turning with a smile to others who shrank and cried at the peals of a terrible storm in a country house. The glare of a bolt coming down the center of the room caught the eye at that very instant; the next there was an explosion that shook the house, and insensibility followed. Two men in the same room were burned by the bolt, though no lives were lost; but I never have been able to smile at lightning since. To give an idea of the terror felt on a nervous organization by the shock would involve extravagance of terms.

But, unfortunately, so far from being an exception, there are too many who suffer the same harassments with me. Nor are women alone subject to this nervousness. I knew a school superintendent and canal contractor, a man over fifty, with a large family, who would hide in a closet in a storm, and had been known to rush from his bed with fright at lightning. Many will remember the professor of Bowdoin college who always retreated to the cellar in a thunder storm, although his house was bristling with lightning-rods. The strongest man I ever knew, who could throw another man across the street, and work a hand-press in a printing office as if he were a part of the machine, was discharged as a reporter because his desk was vacant every time there was a thunder storm. The mother of Washington was afraid of lightning, and never failed to retreat to her room at the first flash of a storm, where she stayed till the last flash flied away. The physical efforts of this fear are most depressing. One woman knows when a storm is coming hours before, by a prostration of strength and spirits, accompanied with symptoms like cholera. One of the most dauntless young women I ever knew was sick in bed for hours after a great storm at Springfield, Mass. She had received a shock of lightning years before, and never failed to be ill in a thunder storm since.

Reason and study of the laws of lightning have done much to lessen the fear of it. It is true we live between two magazines of electricity—one of the earth and the other of the air—and a cloud charged with electricity passing over a point or body in a negative condition will discharge its surplus by the very quickest and most congenial medium, which it finds in the human body, a tree or a house, indifferently. But it is also true that, provide the lightning with a convenient and easy conductor in the shape of a stout iron rod higher than any part of the house, and reaching well into the ground, where electricity may scatter harmlessly into the damp earth, it will prefer that conducting rod to anything in its vicinity, and people who stay indoors in a well protected house are safer from lightning than any bomb-proof from bursting shells. Every accident from this cause I ever knew of came from careless exposure in situations known to be unsafe. The first I noticed after my own accident was that of a missionary's daughter who was killed while passing an open window, just as a woman was on Long Island, while sitting at her sewing machine. A young man in Malden, I think, was killed while sitting on a porch with his chair tipped back and his head against a door-bell, making an excellent connection with the bell-wire. Many men have been struck while riding into a barn on a load of hay. Many will remember the frightful calamity at Scranton, Penn., when a party of women, out picking berries on one of the high hills crowded into a deserted log-hut in a sudden storm, and seven were killed by one bolt. Steep hills with mineral veins cropping out are not fit places for persons to live in who wish to escape lightning, and unprotected houses there are doubly dangerous.

It is never too soon to go into the house when a storm is rising. When the clouds are fully charged with electricity they are most dangerous, and the fluid obeys a subtle attraction which acts at great distances and in all directions. A woman told me of a bolt which came down her mother's chimney from a rising cloud when the sun was shining overhead. N. P. Willis writes of a young girl who was killed while passing under a telegraph wire on the brow of a hill, while she was hurrying home before a storm. The sad accident at Morrisiana, when two children were killed, should warn every mother that it is not safe to let children stay out of doors till the last minute before the storm falls. People should not be foolhardy about sitting on porches or by open windows, whether the storm is hard or not. Mild showers often carry a single charge, which falls with deadly effect. It may or may not be fatal to stay out; it is safe to stay in the house, with the windows and doors closed. The dry air in a house is a readier conductor than the damp air outside; any draught of air invites it. A hot fire in a chimney attracts it, so to speak, and it is prudent for those who would be sure of safety to use kerosene or gas stoves in the summer, and avoid heating the chimneys of the houses. People are very ignorant or reckless about lightning. I have seen a girl of eighteen crying with fear of lightning, and running every other moment to the window to see if the storm was not abating, unconscious that she was putting herself in danger. If every one would hurry to shelter as soon as a storm cloud was seen coming, and if they would shut the doors and windows, and keep away from them afterward, and from wires, stove-pipes, mantels, chimneys, heaters and mirrors, with their silvered backs, which carry electricity, and keep away from lightning rods and their vicinity, and from metal water spouts, with good rods on their houses, they might dismiss the fear of lightning from their minds, so far as it is a thing of reason and not impression.—*Hartford Times.*

There is a romance in figures. A young man met a girl, married her, and took her on a wedding tour.—*Ex.*

Yes, and the morning they started she had breakfast with a good appetite, a big smile occasionally flickering about her mouth, and they went on the even tenor of their way.

The heart must be at rest before the mind, like a quiet lake under an uncloudy summer evening, can reflect the solemn starlight and the splendid mysteries of the evening.—Clarke.

Esquimaux Houses.

SNOW ARCHITECTURE.—THE EXPERTNESS OF THE MANIPULATORS.

As probably many people know, an igloo is usually built of snow. The word, however, means house, and as their house consists of a single room it also means room. Sometimes at points that are regularly occupied during the winter months, igloos are built of stones and moss piled up around and over them, so that when covered by the winter snows they make very comfortable dwellings. This is the case at Igloolik, which means the place of igloos, and also near Tullock point, on King William's Land, where the ruins of these underground houses are quite numerous. They had been built a great many years ago by the Ookjoolliks, when they occupied the land before the Netchillik invasion. A long, low passage way leads into each dwelling, so constructed as to exclude the wind from the interior, though ventilation is permitted by leaving open the door. This, by the way, is an Inuit custom. Even in the coldest weather the door is open except when the occupants are asleep, and they are only closed then to keep the dogs from making a raid on the igloo. If the door faces the wind a shelter is erected outside to cut off the wind so that the door need not be closed. The coldest day I ever saw, when the thermometer was 71° below zero, the door of our igloo was open all the time we were not asleep. A snow igloo is made of snow-blocks about three feet by eighteen inches wide and five or six inches thick.

The snow knife is simply a large thin-bladed knife, like a cheese knife of the grocery stores, with a handle made large enough to be conveniently grasped with both hands. Before iron and knives became so plentiful as at present, snow knives were made of bone and reindeer or musk-ox horn, but such knives are quite rare now The Netchillik, Ookjoolik and Ooquesik-sillik tribes are still quite deficient in iron weapons and implements, and many of their knives are marvels of ingenuity. I saw several made of a little tin of iron, perhaps an inch square, mounted on a handle two feet long, and so shaped that the iron would do much of the cutting and scratching, and the handle merely acted as a wedge to assist the operation. I also saw a man making a knife by cutting a thick piece of iron with a cold chisel, afterward to be pounded out flat and ground down on stones. The entire operation would probably take about three or four weeks with the poor tools at their disposal

The builder selects snow of the proper consistency by sounding a drift with a cane, made for the purpose, of reindeer horn, straightened by steaming, and worked down until about half an inch in diameter, with a ferule of walrus tusk or the tooth of a bear on the bottom. By thrusting this into the snow he can tell whether the layers deposited by successive winds are seperated by bands of soft snow, which would cause the blocks to break. When the snow is selected he digs a pit to the depth of 18 inches or two feet, and about the length of the snow block. He then steps into the pit and proceeds to cut out the blocks by first cutting down at the end of the pit and then the bottom afterward, cutting a little channel about an inch or two deep, marking the thickness of the proposed block.

Now comes the part that requires practice to accomplish successfully. The expert will, with a few thrusts of the knife in just the right places, split off the snow block and lift it carefully out to wait removal to its position on the wall. The tyro will almost inevitably break the block into two or three pieces utterly unfit for the use of the builder. When two men are building an igloo one cuts the blocks and the other erects the wall. When sufficient blocks have been cut out to commence work the builder marks with his eye or perhaps draws a line with his knife describing the circumference of the building, usually a circle about ten or twelve feet in diameter. The first row of blocks is then arranged, the blocks placed so as to incline inward and resting against each other at the ends, thus affording mutual support. When this row is completed the builder cuts away the first and second blocks, slanting them from the ground upward, so that the second tier resting upon the edges of the first row can be continued on and around spirally, and by gradually increasing the inward slant a perfect dome is constructed of such strength that the builder can lie flat upon the outside while chinking the interstices between the blocks. The chinking, is however, usually done by the women and children as the building progresses, and additional protection secured from the winds in very cold weather by banking up with a large wooden snow shovel, the snow at the base often being piled to the depth of three or four feet. This makes the igloo perfectly impervious to the wind in the most tempestuous weather. When the house is completed the builders are walled in. Then a small hole about two feet square is cut in the wall on the side away from where the entrance is to be located, and is used to pass in the lamps and bedding. It is then walled up and the regular door cut about two feet high and nicked at the top. It would bring bad luck to carry the bedding into the igloo by the same door it would be taken out. Before the door is opened the bed is constructed of snow blocks, and made from one to three or four feet high and occupies three-fourths of the entire space. The higher the bed and the lower the door the warmer the igloo will be.

Effects of Tea on the Skin.

If you place a few drops of strong tea upon a piece of iron, a knife blade, for instance, the tannate of iron is formed, which is black. If you mix tea with iron filings, or pulverized iron, you can make a fair article of ink. If you mix it with fresh human blood, it forms with the iron of the blood the tannate of iron. Take human skin and let it soak for a time in strong tea, and it will become leather. Now, when we remember that the liquids which enter the stomach are rapidly absorbed by the venous absorbents of the stomach, and enter into the circulation and are thrown out of the system by the skin, lungs, and kidneys, it is probable that a drink so common as tea, and so abundantly used, will have some effect. Can it be possible that tannin, introduced with so much liquid producing respiration, will have no effect upon the skin? Look at the tea-drinkers of Russia, the Chinese, and the old women of America, who have so long continued the habit of drinking strong tea. Are they not dark-colored and leather-skinned?

Difficulties of a Young Housekeeper.

Charley Lamber was a printer. I mention the fact merely to let you know that he was not rich. But he had fallen deeply—blissfully—in love with a nice, industrious little girl, and the consequence was that he became reckless with his money—began to save—and at the expiration of a year offered said "little girl" a neatly furnished suit of rooms, and his "heart and hand" to keep the bread-basket filled, if she would come and make the "room" home for him.

Like a sensible girl she came. Everything was cozy for two, new and bright as life itself promised to be.

Charley frisked around the type like a happy man, and the "little wife" stayed at home and studied nice little surprises for him in the way of economical tit-bits for his hungry palate, and gently—somewhat shyly—entertained the socially inclined neighbors who "ran in" to see the pretty young wife and offer her the benefit of their superior experience as wives and housekeepers.

Charley thought it was kind indeed—he was glad he had selected rooms in such an interesting social house; the people were all respectable, and the intercourse would keep the new Mrs. Lambert from becoming lonely during his absence.

One morning Charley brought home a couple of bottles of American champagne as a present for the young wife from some of the boys at the office.

"Get the corkscrew, little wife, while I break up some ice for our feast," going to the neat little refrigerator he had provided for their tidy establishment.

"O, dear, what shall we do? The woman up stairs borrowed the corkscrew a few days ago. She has not returned it yet" Mrs. Charley remarked, in some distress.

"Never mind, we'll manage. But what's all this stuff on ice. You have laid in a big breakfast—cucumbers, steak, chicken," the young husband enumerated.

"The steak is for us, the cucumbers belong to the woman on the upper floor, and the chicken to the old lady in the rear room; they have no place to keep things, and I don't like to refuse when they asked me to give it place, it seems so disobliging."

Charley felt like saying bad things; he thought those social neighbors rather inclined to impose upon his wife's inexperience, but he only said:

"Dont ask a favor of any of them."

"I have no occasion. Surely you are not vexed with me. They are so friendly."

"That's all right; but don't you ask a favor. If we need anything, buy it; if we cannot afford it we must do without!"

A few evenings later the little wife met Charlie with a troubled face. The woman on the first floor had company and begged the loan of the new tea-set; she had not returned them as she promised in time for their own tea."

Charlie said a bad word, and with burning blushes the young wife asked the return of her china with many apologies, and got fearfully snubbed by the offended neighbor. The next evening supper was not ready, the little wife had lent her neighbor the frying pan. The woman had one of her own, but "she didn't like to use it for fish, because it clung to the taste of the next thing fried in it," the wife reported tearfully.

"And you let the impudent woman have yours?"

"What could I do?"

"Take the broomstick to her!" Charlie replied. "Never mind," he added, seeing his wife's tears, "I'll put a stop to this business." He grabbed his cane and flourished through the hall as if he were going to do something desperate. When he reached the door where his frying pan had gone visiting he politely requested the loan of it for a moment. It was handed over. Charley turned the under side up, and began to belabor it with his cane as frying pan never was belabored before. Its metallic cries brought all the neighbors to the "panic," and Charley beat with all his might, shouting:

"There! and there! You stupid, black thing! I'll teach you to go gadding when you are needed at home! Stay where you belong after this. There, madam; I guess that will do. If you will kindly send it home when you are through with it, I'll be greatly obliged."

He returned to his frightened little wife, but had barely got into the room before the frying pan came after him, sent by the hand of a "social neighbor," who was too mad to give vent to her fury otherwise. That settled the borrowing and "obliging" business in that house; and the new housekeeper found that to get on peaceably in a promiscuous world it is best to be distantly and selfishly unsocial.—*Sunday Graphic.*

The Bad Boy of America.

The badness of the bad boy of America—not necessarily the American bad boy—is acknowledged on all hands. He does not cease to be bad when he ceases to be a boy. From the street-corner rowdy he graduates as a saloon sluggard, the ward politician, and the sand-lot hoodlum. He is the same in all the large cities of the United States; he is the same in the smaller cities and villages, or a little worse. Whether his local name is "hoodlum," "larekin," "blood-tub," "plugugly," "dead-rabbit," "bummer," "rough," "loafer," or "bowery-boy," he is *sui generis*, and has no counterpart in any other part of the world. He respects neither God nor man; neither the bald head of the prophet nor the eye-glass of the philosopher. Elisha's she bears would have no terrors for him. His theoretical knowledge of hunting, derived from the study of dime novels, and his practical skill with weapons, give him such confidence in himself that if warned of the punishment upon the tormenters of Elisha, he would coolly reply, "Trot out your she bears!" The bad boy has no contemporary in any other part of the world. In Europe youth is docile and respectful; in Asia and Africa childhood or youth is in keeping with its surroundings; but the bad boy of America is an anachronism; he is savagely growing up in the midst of civilization, impiety mocking at religion, lawlessness pulling at the gown and wig of law, and licence masquerading in the costume of liberty. His mother is the "old woman," his father is "dad," his language is slang and profanity, his amusement is violence, his religion and education a blank, and, worst of all he is peculiar to the United States of North America.—*N. Y. Journal.*

A waste of money—To put a ten dollar hat on a dime's worth of brains.

Miscellaneous Recipes.

Sauce Robert.—Put two medium-sized onions, chopped very fine, with a large lump of butter, in a stew-pan; let them brown well, constantly stirring; add a teaspoonful of flour mixed with half a pint of good stock; salt and pepper; cook about five minutes; add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard and one of vinegar.

Sauce for Venison Steak.—Put a cup of stock, a small teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and a very little cayenne, two or three cloves and a few allspice in a saucepan; let all boil up, then stir in a piece of butter half the size of an egg, in which a teaspoonful of flour has been well mixed; one teaspoonful of currant jelly; one wineglassful of claret; heat it once more, pour it through a strainer so as to remove the whole spice.

Making Coffee with Cold Water.—An exchange says that the full aroma of coffee can be extracted without any application of fire by the following process, and that indeed cold water gives the best results: Take five ounces of the best Mocha or old government Java; roast and grind to a coarse powder; pour the grounds into a glass bottle or decanter; pour on a sufficient quantity of cold water to cover the coffee; stop the mouth of the bottle or decanter close; set in a warm place for thirty hours; now filter the infusion by passing it through some fine lawn or blotting-paper placed on a glass funnel, or by straining through muslin. The experiment, it is asserted, will delight as well as surprise all ladies of intelligence and taste.

Mashed Potato.—To make it light and delicate, beat it with a spoon after you have seasoned it. Mash it well, salting first. It is often made too salt for my taste, and as I cannot take out the salt, it sometimes seems to me it would be quite fair to put in only a little and those who do not care to taste something else but salt in their food can add it at their pleasure. Butter is sometimes added when the potato is mashed, but I think thin cream the best of anything, and next to this good sweet milk. Now stir all thoroughly together, beat it well with a large spoon. The product is something quite superior to lumpy, poorly seasoned mashed potatoes often found. A dish may be called "well-seasoned" when only enough good seasoning is used, and that properly put into or upon it.

Marble Cake (dark).—One cup of brown sugar, one half cup of molasses one-half cup of butter, one-fourth cup of milk, yelks of four eggs, two teaspoonsfuls of cloves, two of cinnamon, two nutmegs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two cups of flour.

Ribbon Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one large teaspoonful of baking powder, two cups of flour, three eggs, taking out two of the whites for frosting. Bake in three layers, put spice and fruit in the middle layer, between each light one put jelly, then frosting between each.

History of Joseph.

The life of this man, as it is recorded in the Sacred History, illustrates in a striking manner how God exerts a control in human affairs, while at the same time there is the utmost freedom on the part of those who are instrumental in bringing to pass what he has appointed. It had been told to Abraham that his descendants should serve in a strange land for a certain period, at the end of which time they should be brought back to Canaan. This was one of the certainties of the future. It was just as much destined to take place as anything could be, and yet it was brought about by a train of events in which the actors did not dream of what they were doing. Joseph was a youth of singular uprightness. He was his father's favorite. He wore a coat of many colors. He reported the evil doings of his brethren. He had a dream and told it. He was sent to visit his brethren. He was cast into a pit, at the suggestion of his oldest brother, who meant in this way to save him. Just then a company of marchantmen came to the place on their way to Egypt, and Joseph is sold as a slave. In Egypt he is bought by a man in high position. He is falsely accused and cast into prison. His fellow prisoners dream, and he interprets their dreams. Two years later Pharaoh has a dream and Joseph is sent for, and does the same for him. There is a famine in the land, and so forth. Thus the chain by which God was preparing for what was to take place had so many links. So now, in the midst of the people, with their diverse characters their love and hatred, their envy and jealousy, their plotting and scheming, and in the midst of the various things that take place, God is ruling and presiding and bringing to pass what he has determined

Live Up to the Mottoes.

There is no use putting up the motto "God bless our home," if the father is a rough old bear, and the spirit of discourtesy and rudeness is taught by parents to children and by the older to the younger. There is no use putting up the motto "The Lord will provide," while the father is shiftless, the mother is shiftless, the boys refuse to work, and the girls busy themselves with gewgaws and finery. There is no use putting up the motto "The greatest of these is Charity," while the tongue of the back-biter wags in the family, and silly gossip is dispensed at tea table. There is no use in placing conspicuously the motto "The liberal man deviseth liberal things," while money chinks in the pockets of the "head of the household," groping to get out and see the light of day, and there are dollars and dimes for wine and tobacco and other luxuries, but possibly not one cent for the church. In how many homes are these mottoes standing—let us say hanging—sarcasms, which serve to point a jest and adorn a satire! The beauty of quiet lives, of trustful, hopeful, free-handed, free-hearted, charitable lives, is one of surpassing loveliness, and those lives shed their own incomparable fragrance, and the world knows where to find them. And they still remain fresh and fadeless when the colors on the pigment and the gilded have faded, and the very frames have rotted away in their joints.

Complaint is made in Milwaukee that the butchers make veal from the meat of three-year-old steers. The complainants are the sort of people who would grumble at a setting hen on a boarding-house table for spring chicken purposes.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The People's Advocate

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C. A. LEMAR,

Business Manager and Financial Ag't

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THE DELEGATES OF THE PEOPLE.

The time has arrived when the citizens of the district are called upon to select delegates for the National Republican Convention which is to meet in June of this year. The subject of preferment has been one upon which there has been much discussion, and there are reasons to suppose that the contest will wage hotly for many weeks; notwithstanding this, we trust that the citizens will exercise calm deliberation and good judgment in the selection of delegates.

We would suggest, as the most available and representative men to represent the district, the Hon. Frederick Douglass and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Both these gentlemen are thoroughly competent; both are of national reputation, and as such, would wield a vast influence in the convention. Both are uncompromising in their devotion to the cause of humanity, and especially to the interests of the colored people. They are men of property, of sound principles and energy; they are republicans of the most approved order. More than this, they work well together. On more than one occasion, they have stood the sole champions of the rights of the colored people, manifesting untiring energy and great moral courage. The honor of representing the people of the district in the next nasional convention is not too great a boon for them to ask of the people. They have deserved well, and the colored people should show their appreciation of the services rendered by these two great men, by entrusting to them the advocacy of their claims.

Those men who are clamoring for the honor, who have nothing to boast of but an inordinate ambition, unsustained by any real worth, should be induced, if not forced, to give way to the representatives of the people; and none are more worthy than Hon Frederick Douglass and Robert G. Ingersoll.

It is the duty of all good citizens to fully appreciate the responsibility now resting on them by selecting men of wisdom, sagacity, wide reputation and large influence, for the next convention. Let us cease bickering and get down to sober and earnest work.

LOUISIANA AND SUGAR.

We know of no recent event more suggestive and significant than the convention of the sugar planters of Louisiana, and that of the laborers in the sugar districts of the same state, held in the city of New Orleans week before and last week. The press despatches touch but lightly on the more important features of these meetings. In the first the Governor presided, and two colored men—Hon. P. B. S. Pinchback one of the number—were on the list of Vice-presidents. The resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, strongly protested against any reduction in the duty on sugar threatened by the present congress and the Mexican reciprocity treaty. The resolutions declare the interests of the people of Louisiana to be paramount to party affiliation, and serve notice on the Democratic party to halt in the sweeping reductions they propose.

They also call attention to the fact that two hundred thousand of the colored population of that state are dependent on the sugar interests; that Louisiana buys at least ninety per cent of her supplies from other sections of the country; that if this tax is reduced, this labor will be forced to migrate to other sections, competing with agricultural labor and increasing the supply of cereals without increasing the demand. As in the sugar districts of Louisiana there never have been any race troubles; as from it there has been no migration, it would be impolitic, to say nothing of other considerations, to disturb these relations by following out a sentimental theory of free trade.

The fact that the people of Louisiana are united; that in the gathering held to crystalize and formulate the sentiment, the whites have thrown down the color line, and that the movement started by the colored laborers has the hearty support of the whites; that the national interests of the state are held more important than party associations, makes this movement highly suggestive, politically considered.

Judging from the sarcastic reference made by "the old man eloquent" at the O'Hara banquet, he does not think the laundry business a very laudable one in which to counsel the people to engage.

Unfortunately for us, Mr. Douglass, whose services in the cause of personal, civil, and political freedom are beyond compare, does not see the importance of so instructing and counselling the people that they will not be pushed out of this, as they have been out of other honorable employments; or he fails to see an impending social danger. On the other hand, less than a month ago, in his lecture at Howard University, he made a strong and eloquent plea for Chinese emigration. It is a stubborn fact that the Chinese laborer, as a rule, underworks the American laborer; and especially is it true that in the laundry business he threatens a large portion of our colored labor. Now, we ask Mr. Douglass, in all fairness, is not this a case where colored labor should "develop the power to organize and combine for its own protection," as expressed in his Louisville speech, or does he repudiate or discredit the application of his own remedies?

We call the attention of the Post Office Department, and especially of the Railway Mail Service, to the transfer of Herschel V. Cashin, U. S. R. P. clerk, to the line between Selma, Ala., and Meriden, Miss., the route in which Thos. S. Ivey and Frank Diggs were brutally muredered in their mail cars by Kuklux assassins. Mr. Cashin's friends asked for his promotion because of his efficiency in the service, having been also recommended by his late division superintendent, and because of his record as a republican, twice a member of the Alabama legislature, admitted to the bar to practice law by a democratic court committee and a member of the National Republican convention of 1876.

We know of no organization which while working for a practical reform is at the same time doing so much to wipe out the color-line as the Good Templars working under the jurisdiction of the R. W. G. Lodge of the world. Were the Christian church in America to take as advanced position as they and maintain it, the troubles growing out of "the *race* question" would practically be at an end.

The idea that the sugar producers of Louisiana, while demanding protection for their sugars, are not willing to yield as much for the coal and iron interests, as suggested by the *Globe*, is not borne out by the facts. They ask the same protection for the interests of their section as others ask for theirs. We call attention to the following among the resolutions adopted at New Orleans at the sugar convention:

Resolved, That if the government thinks it right and proper to foster and protect the industries of iron and of cotton and woolen manufactures, that as American citizens, the producers of sugar throughout the United States *are entitled to the same protection*, etc.

The inquiry into the Danville riot and Copiah murder ordered in the Senate by the Sherman resolution is not made a moment too soon. The state authorities have failed up to this time to institute the usual action in these cases to which any decent, law-abiding community would have resorted.

The country has a right to know all the facts in these cases in order to determine upon the most effectual remedy. Senator Sherman has our thanks for the resolution and his speech, and Senator Mahone for his patriotic utterances in behalf of law and order, as well as liberal sentiment, at the South.

WHO IS THE MAN?

The disposition on the part of certain republican senators to frown down an investigation of the Danville and Copiah county riots, furnishes us another exemplification of the infinite luke-warmness of some republicans, when considering matters which concern the colored people. Such republicans should be regarded by colored voters in the light in which they really stand towards us. Ere many weeks, when the presidential booms are thundering for this man or that, these milk-and-water republicans will begin to fawn and smile with the view to catching the colored delegates that might be chosen to attend the next nominating convention. It will be then that the delegates will be looked to to perform their duty by administering that rebuke which these men deserve, and to manifest that dignity of manhood which should attach to every true and free American citizen. The choice of the nominee for the presidency will be selected on the basis of genuine republicanism, not as announced in the empty platitudes of party platforms merely, but such as is exemplified in acts, really consistent with republican principles. The man who desires the colored votes in the next convention must have something to show as an evidence of his fidelity to the party as a whole. Hence the question as to who the man shall be, should be the subject of much serious thonght on the part of the colored people, and there should be unanimity as to the proper person. And in choosing a candidate it would not be unwise to remember that there is an element in the party whose claims have been uniformly ignored and that element is the colored soldier element. The colored men, who did valiant service in the late war of the rebellion, have as yet found no man to whom they might look for that moral support and encouragement, which they so much deserve and need. It would, therefore, behoove our colored delegates in making up their estimates of the qualifications of presidential candidates, to have this in view. We cannot afford to permit our colored soldiers to be forgotten. They should be permitted to stand by the side of white soldiers, and have their claims allowed when seeking advancement in the public service. As yet we can point to no colored man who by reason of distinguished military service (and there are thousand who have rendered distinguished military service,) has been advanced to public office, while we see almost daily, white men who have received offices almost wholly because of their military records. Up to this time we have found but one man who has been mentioned as a presidential candidate, who has had the soldier element at heart. He has defended the cause of those who fought for the preservation of the Union and the rights of man most valiantly, and with the same valor opposed those who would seek military glory which they did not deserve. That man is John A. Logan, and until we can find a better man, in behalf of our colorek soldiers, we deem it our duty to hang his banner on the outer walls and shout for victory.

The proposition to hold a conference of the colored voters of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts at Pittsburg, Pa., should be generally approved. The colored vote of those states hold the balance of power, and they could, by "a determined and united action give hope and encouragament to their oppressed brethren in the South who are in no condition to help themselves." We see no reason, however, why the colored voters of Connecticut and New Jersey are excluded.

The recent message of the Democratic Governor of New Jersey to the legislature of his state, calling their attention to the action of the Hackensack cemetery authorities in denying the right of burial to a colored man, deserves special notice.

The legislature of New Jersey is democratic, and it remains to be seen whether the message is endorsed by that body.

The action of Gov. Hoadley in the same connection should elicit edually warm praise.

In the death of E. W. M. Mackey, South Carolina Republicans lose an able leader; one who dared to assert his convictions and to enforce respect. His public career is contemporaneous with that of reconstruction and as creditable as it was conspicuous.

The Instructor of carpentering in the Philadelphia Public Industrial Art School is a young colored man, a Mr. Eugene Bowman, who is proficient not only in cabinet making, but also in inlaying marquetry and in scroll-sawing.

One can get a fair idea of the extent of the consumption of matches from the fact that the profits were over a million of dollars during the month of last July when the new tariff law went into effect.

Thanks to J. D. Kennedy, of New Orleans, for favors.

—Dr. C. B. Purvis, who has been confined to his bed for two weeks past, is now much better and hopes to be able to attend his professional duties in a few days.

FROM NEBRASKA.

GOVERNMENT BETTER THAN RAILROAD OR SCHOOL LAND.

Mr. Editor:—We shall aim to make a wiser, better and a more practical move during the second twenty years than we did during the first. And I feel doubly sure that flirtation and spendthrift, which seem to have made considerable progress, will greatly decline, and substantial business considerations and habits will take their places.

Now, in regard to the West. I promised to tell you what lands it would be best to purchase, etc., and in doing so I must point you to government lands. It is always best to take government land as long as there is any to be gotten that is good for anything at all; and always get 160 acres if possible, and never less than a real good eighty acre piece. Eighty acres make one a very good farm and is about large enough where it is desirable to stock it only with a few sheep or hogs. but it is very unwise for any one to spend his time upon forty acres in a new country.

A large amount of every farm should be planted with young trees forming groves, north, west and south, including the house, orchards, and places for stock. There is an act pending in congress now, and which doubtless will pass at this session, to do away with the pre-emption and timber culture acts, and turn all government lands into homesteads, and the price of homesteads has already been reduced to fourteen dollars per 160 acres. In taking homesteads a person may have a great deal of trouble, and often be discouraged if he undertakes to hunt up his land alone; but if he will co-operate with others or join a colony, he will find that the work will be much easier. Competition will be found to be very sharp even in the homestead business.

We are here to help each other, and it is not wise for any one to try to go it entirely alone, and whoever does will find himself worsted in the end.

After government land comes state or school land, and upon which, sometimes, a person can do well. But the railroad land is probably the most difficult, and yet, if a person is enterprising, he may do fully as well and be as well satisfied in the end, as if he had taken government land By settling in a colony or large settlement, this class of land can be gotten cheaper and the fares allowed in payment, if they purchase land-exploring tickets and find land to suit them, and buy of the company. If a person has some money to invest in hogs and cattle or a few sheep and hogs he may be able to get along very easy by making improvements and securing the reductions which run from ten to twenty percent. In large settlements fair railroad land may be obtained as low as three dollars per acre on ten years time, or five per cent off for cash. A certain amount is required to be paid down, and the interest on the remaining principal must be paid annually for four years; after which the interest and a certain amount of the principle is to be paid for the next six years, when the land will be all paid for. This is easily enough done if one is careful and acts with some energy and discretion; but if not the land will go back to the company, and the person will lose all that he has paid. But never buy railroad land unless you are determined to stick to it. One can often get work to do for the company and turn it or a part of it as payment on the lands.

Those who wish to live in the towns and cities can buy lots of the railroad companies in the same way as described above, and so I would advise never to pay rent. Purchase one or two building lots of the railroad companies, and make a dugout, sod house, or a substantial and tasty frame house and live at home.

I. B. Burton,
Jan'y 12th. Crete, Neb.

Annapolis Announcements.

The debate spoken of week before last came off at the fair room at Union Tabernacle hall, Wednesday evening, January 16th. Subject: Which is more advantageous to a country, a Coal mine or a Gold mine; it was won by the negative. It was debated with considerable energy and vim by Messrs. Joseph Pinkney, Wm. Robinson and John W. Goodrich in the affirmative and Messrs. Nicholas Jacobs, Lee Kimble and W. D. Gordon in the negative. Our good brother Hinkney and company will have to pull up, or we will have to emigrate them out west.

Bean guessing seems to be taking the day here. The pumpkin spoken of in my last, was cut Friday evening, January 18th, in the presence of 300 people, and contained 349 seed. The judges awarded the prize, a handsome album to Mr. Wm. Edwards, who guessed 350, the nearest to the number. There were nearly 300 guesses. There is now to be competed for a handsome chamber set, to be awarded to the one guessing the number of seed in a pumpkin, or the nearest to it. The ladies in charge of this fair are very entertaining and pleasing, and their efforts are very successful. May they prosper.

Mt. Moriah fair still continues, with fair success, they having a sewing machine to be voted for, which will take place on Wednesday, January 30. The ladies gave a very attractive and enjoyable entertainment last Tuesday evening January 22, a masked promenade, which was well attended.

Master Joseph Allen was awarded a gold dollar by the Bee-hives for having collected the largest amount of money in his envelope at the two rallies of the Sunday school.

The third quarterly conference of Mt. Moriah church was held on last Friday evening, the presiding elder, Dr. D. P. Seaton, presided. The report of the quarter made a handsome showing of the prosperous work, spiritually and financially.

On Sunday at 11 a. m., Dr. Seaton preached from Hebrews 12th-28, subject, the permanency of Christ's kingdom; at 7:30 p. m., he preached from St. Luke 28th, 1 to 7, subject, the majesty of prayer. The Doctor was eloquent and impressive.

At Asbury M. E. church, Sunday at 11 a. m., Rev. J. W. Galloway preached, and at 7:30, the pastor, Rev. J. A. Holmes, subject, an important interview.

Mt. Moriah Sunday school held their missionary meeting. Masters Walter Stewart and James Otter read essays which being their first attempt were very creditable; a liberal collection was taken up.

Rev. Dennis Hebron and Miss Mary Lysle, Hagerstown, Md., were married at the parsonage Monday evening. No cards.

The Asbury fair still continues at Union Tabernacle hall. Tuesday night Miss Margaret Wooter carried off the palm, she being declared the prettiest lady, after having received the highest number of votes at the fair.

At Mt. Moriah the sewing machine will be awarded to the lady receiving the highest number of votes on February 4th.

Prof. Mitchell is spending a few days in our city.

G.

The Dakota Colored Colony

Mr. Editor:—The rapid development of Dakota Territory in the last few years has been the wonder of the whole American people; and if I had been commanded to select a place to illustrate human development, and where you can enjoy equal rights of citizenship without trouble or annoyance, I could not have designated a place so desirable or interesting as Dakota Territory.

This colony was organized by some of the most enterprising colored men that are in the city of Chicago, Ill., in the year 1882. They have taken up several thousand acres of land, and part of it has been under cultivation by members of the colony, and has yielded abundant crops. The soil is rich and productive, the climate is excellent and fuel is in abundance.

Emigration is solicited from everywhere to go to this grand wheat growing country and take up land and secure for yourselves and your children homes. You will find much better advantages there than you can anywhere else in this broad land. The land is on the great Northern Pacific R. R. Co., at Villiard Station, the county seat of McHenry county.

We have now placed before you a grand opportunity to get rich and connect yourselves with one of the highest futures of any land company under the sun. About thirty families in this city are now making arrangements to leave here some time in May to make that their future home. Any information can be had by applying to William Watkins, esq., George Reed, esq., and Hon. Moses Arnold, 3120 Dearborn Street, or to the undersigned.

John G. Jones,
3717 Butterfield-st.
Jan. 20, '74. Chicago, Ill.

The Calhoun Lecture.

Mr. Editor:—Will you allow me through your valuable paper to state that Mr. A. H. Grimke, of Boston, Mass., lectured at the 15th-street Presbyterian church, Monday evening, January 28th instant?

The speaker was introduced by ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts. The subject was, John C. Calhoun. I with pleasure congratulate Mr. Grimke for the marked ability with which he handled his subject. I think few, if any could have sketched as he did, more graphically, and at the same time not exaggeratingly, so great a character as Calhoun, the champion of slavery and states rights, and the very exciting political events of which he was the most potent factor. He was elected Vice-president, and served also eight years. The slave question grew in prominence during these administrations. All looked very hopeless for the poor Negro at this time. He was a native of South Carolina, of Irish parentage, whose father was a poor man, but of great ambition. His mother was a woman of most lofty and noble character. If you will show me a great, good man, I will assure you his mother was a great and noble woman. I know of no exception to this rule. I sincerely wished that every young American of African descent could have heard this noble lecturer, who is a worthy young gentleman of our race.

John W. Ewing.

A silent man is easily reputed wise. A man who suffers none to see him in the common jostle and undress of life, easily gathers around him a mysterious veil of unknown sanctity, and men honor him for a saint.

A Matrimonial Sensation.

BY LE DUKE.

An event has transpired here of late which has set both white and colored folks at tongue-wagging at a terrible rate. The event, in one sense, was nothing more than an every day occurrence, where a lady and gentleman agree to become man and wife. But the alarming feature is in the fact that a superlative colored man and a comparative white lady found it agreeable to marry, thus ignoring the prejudices of white and colored society. Now I do not see why it particularly concerns the public that this excellent couple should agree to marry. There is no doubt that the gentleman is very able, distinguished and cultured, and the lady, if not equally so, at least, highly companionable, and entirely suited to the gentleman's taste. There was evidently something in common—an affinity which justified matrimonial alliance. And this must be plain to everybody, when we consider the character of the contracting parties. But of course people must talk. Some argue a discrepancy as to age, some as to talents, while others claim that the difference in color should have constituted a complete barrier against their loving each other, or against the possibility of even platonic affection. All this may be very nice talk, but we are all human beings, white and black, and so long as we are so we will have hearts, and be subject to the laws of association. Some say that the gentleman has lost prestige, leadership and the like because he married a white lady. Well, perhaps he has, and if so, it is because the public cannot rise above its prejudices. Some claim that the gentlenan, *who is a* great leader, should have consulted these prejudices, and have sacrificed his domestic happiness to the demands of a scandalous mob, claiming that his usefulness is impaired by not placing himself at the complete disposal of the public, whose duty it is he should serve

This is, indeed, a poor excuse, for the very element of leadership comprehends the power to act independently in matters which are not fairly understood and appreciated by those who follow. Besides this, the public has no right to ask a man to pluck out his own heart just to satisfy a cross-grained and vicious sentiment which breeds unmanliness and shackles the soul. Every man is required to so conduct himself as not to lower the moral tone of the society in which he lives; he is not required to freeze all the tender sensibilities of the soul, and pluck out the idol of his heart. The gentleman has done just what every man has a right to do—to marry—and that right carries with it the right of freedom of selection necessarily produces a mutual union. In point of real greatness, I do not doubt that the gentleman has been advanced for his conduct in his old age—I may say the crystallization of the doctrines he has been advocating lo these many years. He spoke and worked for freedom, not in its narrow and restricted sense, but in the broad and liberal sense which recognizes generous reciprocity and the equality and brotherhood of mankind. None of us have reasons to object to the gentleman's conduct much less the lady's. The colored people have lost nothing, and the white people have gained by the operation. Besides this, the couple have demonstrated to the best of their ability that this cry of natural antipathy is merely a supposition based in fear, and nutured by prejudice.

PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY

Mr. R J. Smith, the president of the S. S. Union, has hit upon another plan to popularize that Association during the present year. A mass meeting was held at the 19th street Baptist church last Sunday afternoon. Union Bethel and the 15th street Presbyterian S. S. were the only ones present. Mr. W. H. H. Hart spoke quite at length on the geography of the country through which Paul traveled. Mr. S. L. Williams read a paper on the sagacity of Paul, and Miss Josephene J. Turpin gave an essay on Paul's trade, and the use he made of it. Miss Turpin's paper was the theme of universal admiration. Her production showed originality of thought and literary talents of a high order. Her presence and voice contributed in no small degree to the brilliant success she achieved. Henceforth, in Washington, as previous ly at Richmond, and elsewhere in Virginia, the announcement of her appearance will serve to attract large audiences. Mr. Bradford, who was chosen to conclude with remarks on the lessons of the quarter, was unfortunately, handicapped by lack of time, and having to condescend to talk to your people.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1884.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell ..... Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington ..... { G. B. Anderson. G. W. Renfro
New Bedford, Mass. .... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

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Advertisements, send for rates.

All communications should be address-THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Bhx 263, ashington, D. C.

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People's Book Store, 1747 7th st. N. W.
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Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—FOR RENT--810 M Street, Unfurnished back rooms, with or without board. jan19-2t.

—S. S. Lacey was called here to bring the remains of his wife.

—J. R. Clifford, esq., of Martinsburg, paid a flying visit to the Capital this week.

—We are glad to note that Dr. G. D. Williams has steadily improved.

—A grand fair opens at the 19th-st Baptist church Monday evening next.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Hon. A. A. Dodson, of the Virginia legislature, is spending a few days in our city. He has made a splendid record as an orator during the brief session and gives promise of future usefulness.

—John A. Simms, esq., who has been quite ill with the pneumonia, is on the mend.

—Miss Hattie F. McWill and her cousin, Miss Young, left for Chicago last Monday.

—Interesting memorial exercises were held by the 5th Baptist Sunday school on Sunday, the 20th ultimo., in honor of its late superintendent, Henry S. Washington.

—The Annual Fair of the Berean Baptist church will be given this year, commencing Wednesday evening, February 20th. Several new and interesting features have been devised to make the occasion attractive and enjoyable. The public are cordially invited.

Season tickets, - - - 25 Cents.
Single admission, - - - 10 "
jy26-4t

—Furnished rooms to rent, No. 1412 17th-street, northwest. References exchanged.

—Calvin D. Johnson will furnish the paper for discussion at Bethel Literary, Tuesday night. Subject: "Some things I know."

—W. R. Davis will give a public reading at Lincoln Hall sometime in April.

—John R. Van Brakle, of the P. O. D., has returned from his home in the West Indies, after an absence of thirty days.

—The concert of the Orpheus Glee Club will come off next Thursday night at Lincoln Hall. It bids fair to be a musical treat, and we trust our readers will patronize it, notwithstanding the ill-advised utterances of the gentlemen referred to last week. They do not represent the sentiment of the club by a large majority. Attend the concert, and from present indications, it will be advisable for all parties to reserve their seats.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—The celebrated Washington Harmonic Company will give its first concert in this city at the 19th Street Baptist church, Monday evening, February 4th. Proceeds for the benefit of the 19th Street Baptist and Union Bethel A. M. E. churches. The following named artists compose the company: Miss A. L. Tilghman, soprano; Miss S. A. Jurix, soprano; Miss A. Wallace, alto; Mr. J. T. Lane, tenor; Mr. J. T. Layton, basso. Mr. Frank Jones, pianist, Mr. J. T. Layton, director. Admission 25 cents; concert begins at 8 o'clock.

— If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—One Dollar Expended Now in purchasing a bottle of Jayne's Expectorant, by those troubled with a slight Cough or Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, may save the expense of a doctor's bill. A neglected Cough often ends in Consumption. A slight inflammation of the lining of the wind tubes, the usual symptoms of which are Sore Throat and a Pain in the Breast, frequently leads to Bronchitis. A day's delay may entail months of suffering. Better try at once Jayne's Expectorant, a standard remedy, whose curative properties have been tested and approved by thousands.

—The concert by the Washington Harmonic company, at the 19th-street Baptist church, Monday evening February 4th, promises to be a rare musical treat. The programme will embrace some fine concerted selections, such as "Away to the Front," "The Wolf is on the Hill," and "Sleigh Bells," which are seldom heard, if ever, in Washington concert halls.

The company is composed of the following persons: Miss A. Tilghman, leading soprano; Miss S. A. Jurix, soprano; Miss A. Wallace, alto: Mr. J. T. Lane, tenor; Mr. J. T. Layton, basso; Mr. F. W. Jones, pianist.

Admission 25 cents.
Mr. T. Layton, director.

—Clara P. Lacy, wife of S S. Lacy, late of the Sunday *Item*, died suddenly at her late residence in Philadelphia. Her body was brought to Washington, and special services held last Sunday at 2 p. m., by Rev. Father DeRujter, assistant pastor of St. Augustines Catholic church. She was buried at Mt. Olivet cemetery. She was for many years a member of St. Augustine's choir. Her loss is not only deeply felt in the church, but by her many friends and admirers where she has chanced to have been. She was 27 years of age. She leaves husband and one child.

The Good Will Association will have public exercises at John Wesley church to-morrow afternoon, when addresses will be delivered by prominent Sunday school workers.

John H. Alexander, the colored West Point cadet, stands nine in a class of one hundred, and leads there from Ohio, the state from which he was appointed

—The ladies of Plymouth congregational church, assisted by their friends, will have a grand bazar, commencing the 12th of February, and continuing three weeks, at Wayland Hall, I-street between 19th and 20th streets. We hope the friends will patronize us liberally.

Admission 10 cents. Mrs. Wm. L. Freeman, president; Miss Sadie Jones, secretary; Rev. W. T. Peel, pastor.

A MOST WORTHY ENTERPRISE.

The pound party given at the Cadets, armory by the colored ladies of Washington for the benefit of the poor, was a grand success. Over $200 in cash was realized together with thousands of pounds of provisions of every kind. Hundreds crowded to the hall to contribute to the needs of our suffering poor.

BAND OF HOPE ORGANIZED.

Meeting opened by devotional exercises. Recitation "The Children Safe," by Miss Palmer. Remarks by Mrs. Rogers. Miss Coakley elected president Miss Early, vice president, Miss Palmer, secretary, Miss. Lynch, treasurer. Master Johnnie Lewis, organist. Miss. Maggie Brewer, associated organist.

The Mirth Club Reception.

The Mirth Club gave their first annual reception at the armory of the Washington Cadet Corps last Wednesday evening, January 30th. The ladies and gentlemen were richly and appropriately attired, and the menu was simply splendid, consisting as it did of all the choicest delicacies of the season, handsomely decorated and tastefully arranged. The music was good and the dancing was excellent, and continued till a late hour. The following named gentlemen compose this already popular club: J. W Brent, president; F. Brown, vice-president; P. D. Brent, secretary; D. Hudnell, treasurer; A. Daily, E. Bright' R. Henderson, J. W. Beckett.

West Washington Notes

Mr. John Diggs, of Alexandria, Va., paid a flying visit to Mrs. R. D. Ruffin this week.

The many friends of Mrs. Hunter will regret to hear of her lying quite ill at her residence, 28th-street.

The churches responded willingly in relieving the destitute, white and colored, people of the city.

There was a grand rally at Mt. Zion church. Rev. Samuel Johnson preached in the morning and Rev. Dennis at night.

There was a grand rally and presentation at the Mission. Miss Louisa Seaton presented the sum of $11 in behalf of the Well Wishers of the Mission. Amount raised, $23. Good for the Mission.

BETHEL LITERARY.

Temperance was the theme of Miss Emma Merritt's paper Tuesday night. She first discussed temperance in its most comprehensive sense, and made the application to the use of intoxicating drinks. She referred to alcohol as a poison from the very nature of its constituents. The influence of drunkenness on the individual and society was graphically depicted. The danger of moderate drinking was pointed out, and of the church, and especially of ministers, eloquently stated.

She contended that unfermented wine should be used in the communion.

Statistics were introduced to show what a large proportion of our population is affected by intemperance.

A very pathetic poem illustrative of the influence of drinking on inheritance was read with dramatic effect.

The discussion was opened by C. J. Malord, who spoke frankly of the influence of the intoxicating cup on young men, and the dangers into which they are led by it.

Rev. W. H. Brooks made an eloquent plea for temperance. He quoted from Paul's experience at Corinth, to show that the wine at the communion is not necessarily non-intoxicant.

R. J. Smith referred to intemperance as an evil, both physical and moral at the same time, hence the difficulty of coping with it from line of action.

Mr. Scurlock thought great good could be accomplished through the medium of organizations, and in this respect the Worthy Good Templars, reference to whose work is made in another column, was doing a great work, not only for temperance, but to break down the color line between the white and the colored people.

Further remarks were made by Mr. Harris, I. Normand, and C. D. Johnson. Rev. W. R. Arnold closed.

South Washington Notes.

The Zion Sunday school on F-street was visited, last Sunday morning, by Mr. H. P. Montgomery and Col. G. M. Arnold, who made very impressive addresses concerning the work of the Associated Charities. This association is doing a great deal toward alleviating the the sufferings of the poor of the district.

At night the pastor, Rev. Wm. Gibbons, preached a very able sermon to a club known as the Charitable Aid Association. This association has done much good among the poor of this section, having distributed 1,164 lbs. of provisions, and $2,000 in money since their organization in Jan., 1883.

Rev. J. W. Phillips, of Arkansas, has been in the city several days. He is visiting his mother, Mrs. Minor. Rev. Phillips is a brother of Messrs. S. Y. and H E. Minor; and is a gentleman of fine qualities and marked ability.

The 5th grade school in the Randall Building, taught by Miss. S. C. Lewis, was on Friday the 25th inst visited by all other teachers of that grade in the 7th and 8th divisions Pub. Sch. for the purpose of witnessing the lady's method of instructing the pupils in physiology and grammer. The pupils went through with their work in a manner highly creditable to themselves, and to their teacher.

After the pupils were dismissed the two subjects were discussed by the ladies present. Some very good hints as to the best method of teaching physiology, were given by Miss A. V. Thompkins. The Supt. Prin., Mr. W. S. Montgomery, and others. This was the first of the series of these meetings held this school-year. They were held last year, and many new ideas were brought out, which resulted in much good to the schools.

JUSTINE

The February *Atlantic* has two additional chapters of each of the three serial stories now running in it—Dr. Weir Mitchell's really striking novel "In War Time;" Mr. Crawford's story of "A Roman Singer," which is much the best work he has yet done; and Mr. Lathrop's "Newport." An article that will attract much attention is A Visit to South Carolina in 1860" when the air was full of the electricity which next year was discharged in war) by Edward G. Mason. Elizabeth Robins has an interesting paper on "The Vagabonds and Criminals of India." Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter contribute a noteworthy poem, "A Trio for Twelfth-Night." O. B. Frothingham, in "Voices of Power," discusses the pulpit, the press, and the stage. Henry James furnishes the sixth of his excellent sketches of French travel, this time describing Tarascon, Arles, and Les Baux. J. M. Hillyar contributes "Reminiscences of Christ's Hospital." The short story, French in scene and largely in characters, is "In Madeira Place," by C. H. White. Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr has a sweet poem, "Foreshadowings." The department of book reviews and notices is full, and gives readers an excellent idea of the best current books; and the Contributor's Club has eight bright, short essays. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Little Roberta Waring.

BY ROBERT.

How hard it is for us to look
Upon that darling one,
And quote the words of that dear book,
Oh God, "Thy will be done."

'Tis true this prayer we oft repeat.
As oft as evenings come;
And yet how can we bravely meet
The loss of such an one?

The little heart so full of mirth,
Loved and caressed by all,
Has just returned to Mother Earth,
To answer Heaven's call.

'Twas on a merry Christmas night
We all had gathered round,
And sang and laugh'd, 'twas all delight
For there was pleasure found.

There was a lovely little girl
Within that circle too,
Who every now and then would twirl
As little babes will do—

She seemed that night so very gay—
More so than ere before;
She'd toss around and jump and play,
Then to her playthings go.

There seemed that night a marked [degree
Of pleasure all around;
And in that gathering one could see
That all enjoyment found.

Ah! I am sure I'll ne'er forget
That little band "Eleven,"
For of that band our Bert has met
The angels up in Heaven.

And least of all would we have tho't
Before the morning break,
The last one to the circle brought
Would first to sickness take.

But scarcely had the night passed by,
The break of day still staid,
Before 'twas visible to eye
That Bert in sickness laid.

And thus she lingered for a time
In agonies untold,
Until the Savior said she's mine
And took her to His fold.

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All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all its splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight!
The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth,
And as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow,
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.

SHE STARTS.

There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending
Round her like a vail descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said, the service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:

SHE MOVES.

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if your souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand,
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them, and below
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!

SHE SEEMS TO FEEL THE THRILL OF LIFE ALONG HER KEEL.

She starts!—she moves!—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"
How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.
Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were welded the compacted iron bars,
That made each boom and gaff and thwart.
This was the mallet that did drive
The shining rivets, line and clinch,
Its sharp recoil I still can feel,
And that the heavy sledge I wield
With measured strength and sure intent
To fashion and to forge each bolt,
To drive it home and clench it fast,—
That each may hold its own at last,
And strong as any link may be,
The whole chain perish, or the weld
Break in the mighty strain and heat
That the smith welds his work upon,—
Not unto me the honor due,
Nor unto any one of you,
Not unto him belongs the praise,
Who hammers on the anvil's face,
Or at the forge-fire shapes the shoe,
Nor his who seeks with chisel keen
To find the veins in the precious stone,
Nor theirs who carve the marble bust
Or frame the lofty architrave.
With all these agencies combined,
One mightier than all the rest
Was present, and the work impressed
With its own seal, and bade it be
Perfect in strength and symmetry.
Choose well your chief! Be wise and strong!
Govern yourselves as you govern him,
And see that neither sea nor land
Ever can make you understand
The fashioning hand
Of a power august
Above horse and rider,
Above fleet and crew,
Above the strength of the gale that blew,
Above the wisdom of all the wise,
Who steered and sailed and built the ship.
Remember Him in storm and calm,
Be mindful of His watchful care,
Implore His aid in every need,
And hail Him present or absent never,
For always and everywhere
He is the builder and maker of ships!

Longfellow.

How to Stop a Paper.

The following, from one of our exchanges, so fully and clearly expresses our views on the subject, that we copy it without comment: "You have an undoubted right to stop a newspaper when you feel disposed, upon the payment of all arrearages. Do not hesitate to do so on account of "tenderness" for the editor. Don't you suppose he would stop buying sugar of you, or meat, clothing or dry goods, etc., if he thought he was not getting his money's worth, and why should you not exercise the same privilege with him? And when you discontinue a paper, do so manfully. Don't be so spiteful as to throw it back to the postmaster with a contemptuous "I don't want it any longer!" and have "refused" written on the margin, and have the paper returned to the editor. No gentleman ever stopped it in that way, no matter if his head is covered with gray hairs that should be honorable. If you do not longer wish to receive a newspaper, write a note to the editor like a man, saying so—and be sure that arrearages are paid. This is the way to stop a newspaper."

From the Talmud.

"Who is strong? He who subdues his passion. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot." "He who sacrifices a whole offering shall be rewarded for a whole offering; he who offers a burnt offering shall have the reward of a burnt offering; but he who offers humanity to God and man shall be rewarded as if he had offered all the sacrifices in the world." "There are four characters in scholars: Quick to hear and quick to forget, his gain is canceled by his loss; slow to hear and slow to forget, his loss is canceled by his gain; quick to hear and slow to forget, he is wise; slow to hear and quick to forget, this is an evil lot." "There are four characters in those who sit under the wise: a sponge, a funnel, a strainer, and a bolt-sieve. A sponge, which sucks up all; a funnel, which lets in here and lets out there; a strainer, which lets out the wine and keeps back the dregs; a bolt-sieve, which lets out the pollard and keeps back the flour." "He who has more learning than good works is like a tree with many branches but few roots, which the first wind throws on its face; while he whose works are greater than his knowledge is like a tree with many roots and fewer branches, but which all the winds of heaven cannot uproot." "If thy wife is small, bend down to her and whisper in her ear. He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's altar weeps for him. He who sees his wife die before him, has, as it were, been present at the destruction of the sanctuary itself—around him the world grows dark." "He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him." "Rabbi Jose said, I never call my wife 'wife,' but 'home,' for she indeed, makes my home." "Underneath the wings of the seraphim are stretched the arms of the divine mercy, ever ready to receive sinners."—*University Magazine.*

The Terrible Octopus.

The ferocity of the octopus is undeniable; but doubt has hitherto been cast on the old stories which represent this unpleasant creature as being in the habit of seizing and swamping boats. It is admitted by scientific naturalists that the hideous thing known to the ancient world as the polypus, and to modern boatmen as the cuttle-fish or squid, attains to a portentious size and strength in the warmer seas, and is very powerful and even dangerous. Its ferocity and the peculiar violence with which it attacks and rends its prey are well known to those persons who have seen it weakened by captivity, and rendered less eagerly ravenous by the abundance of food ready to its thousand hands. To speak by the card, these number 960 in all, and are rather called fingers than hands. But what fingers! Each is a powerful sucker that expands and contracts with rigid and ever changeful motion, and there are 120 of them to each of the eight long, writhing, restless arms. With eyes fixed on its adversary, and with parrot-like beak advancing for the encounter, this most unsightly of all living things inspires awe by its actual power to harm. That it will turn and fasten upon a human being, if angered or menaced with capture, is a well-established fact; and a recent occurence reported from Adelaide goes far to revive the old belief that a polypus will venture on attacking the hull of a boat. A telegram from Port Elliot, published in the South Australian papers, states that the trooper Bruce and a man named Edward were out in the bay near Lipson's island, examining a piece of wreckage, when their boat was encircled by the tentacles of a large octopus and pulled over until it was half full of water, and in great danger of being swamped. The occupants escaped with the utmost difficulty.

Western Life.

With only a team and a few dollars the emigrant determines to make himself a home in the wilds of the West. His first care is to build a sod house, as he must have a shelter. That done, about the middle of May he commences breaking prairie, and if he has a good horse team, succeeds in getting from forty to sixty acres broken by the middle of June. A few acres of the first breaking are usually planted to corn, dropped into a cut made through the sod with an axe, which incision is closed with the foot of the planter. This cannot be cultivated, and is wholly at the mercy of the season. Half the time it is a failure, but in a favorable season yields from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre. Melons, pumpkins and squashes usually do well on sod, and turnips sown in midsummer seldom fail. In the fall he "back-sets" his ground with his breaking plough, taking an inch or so of ground below the spring breaking. The ground should not be plowed deeper than it is thoroughly rooted. The ground is now ready for the crop, and his wheat is usually sown the last of February or early in March. He has plenty of work to do, and hard work at that. No chance to make money escapes him. The first year or two is almost invariably one of hardships and privations for the average homesteader. The weak or shiftless ones usually give way in despair and turn eastward. The resolute ones stay, and soon have comfortable homes. No young man should go West unless he is prepared to work hard in the face of many difficulties.

In a sermon on this subject the Rev. J. C. White, of Cincinnati, said: In the preperation and arrangements for the burial, let as little time and money as possible be expended for showy surroundings. The less of these things the better. Have only enough show for proper respect for public decorum and social respect. We are getting to mingle adversity and prosperity together, and are getting to be unable to distinguish the moral difference. We are now hardly able to distinguish between a wedding and a funeral. At funerals the tendency is toward extravagance and pride, and, as a consequence, toward vice and the meanest of folly. Funerals are degenerating into the most selfish, expensive, meaningless services. As the vulgar expression is, they are simply ceremonies to give the dead "a good send-off." The coffin is covered with tinsel and finery totally out of place, considering the surroundings of the deceased when alive. A man will spend $50 for carriage hire at the funeral of his wife, when he never spent a dollar on riding for her when alive. At a great deal of sacrifice a husband will buy a profusion of costly flowers for the decoration of his wife's coffin and grave, when he never bought a pot plant for the brightening of her chamber during years of sickness and suffering. If possible, the funeral should be on a day other than the Sabbath, so as not to intefere with the pastor's regular duties at stated services.

A lazy boy was complaining that his bed was too short, when his father sternly replied: "That is because you are always too long in it, sir."

Slovenly Manuscript.

I have the misfortune to have a manuscript before me at this moment that would fill thirty of these pages; and yet, from beginning to end, there is no indication that it is not to be read at a single breath. The paragraph ought to be, and in all good writers it is, as real and as sensible a division as the sentence. It is an organic member in prose composition, with a beginning, a middle and an end, just as a stanza is an organic and definite member in the composition of an ode. I fear my manuscript is rather disorderly, says another "but I will correct carefully in print." Just so. Because he is too heedless to do his work in a workmanlike way, he first inflicts fatigue and vexation on the editor whom he expects to read his paper; second, he inflicts considerable and quite needless expense on the publishers; and thirdly, he inflicts a great deal of tedious and thankless labor on the printers, who are for the most part far more meritorious persons than fifth-rate authors. It is true that Burke returned such disorderly proofs that the printer usually found it least troublesome to set the whole afresh; and Miss Martineau tells a story of a Scotch compositor who fled from Edinburg to avoid a great living author's manuscript, and, to his horror, was presently confronted with a piece of copy which made him cry: "Lord have mercy! Have you got that man to print for?" But most editors will forgive such transgressions to all contributors who will guarantee that they write as well as Burke or Carlyle. Alas, it is usually the case that those who have the least excuse are the worst offenders.—*John Morley, in Fortnightly Review.*

Gas-Tar vs. Poultry Lice.

A short time ago my poultry house was swarming with lice; it could not be entered without having the clothes gray with insects wherever one touched the nests or roosts. If a hen brushed my hand with her wing, dozens of lice could be seen running over it. Indeed, so desperate did affairs become that even to look at the poultry house produced a sensation of crawling things. Swabbing the roosts and sprinkling the nests with kerosene had no perceptible effect. Fumigating with gas-tar and sulphur met with no better success. The youngest broods of chickings grew weak, moped around and finally died. Some of the hens also gave evident signs of weakness, and their combs turned a sickly color. At this stage of affairs I applied for a remedy to a friend noted in poultry raising as well as in other things (Mr. J. B. Turner). I learned that twenty years before he had painted the inside of his poultry house with gas-tar, and, although keeping constantly a large number of fowls, had not been troubled with lice since. I got a few quarts of gas-tar from the gas works, at the rate of ten cents a gallon. This tar is about the consistency of new paint, and was readily applied to the inside wall of my hen house—with an old whisk broom—as high up as the roosts extended; the inside of the nests and the roosts were also thoroughly coated with tar. This was done on the morning of a clear day, and by night the house was dry enough for the chickens to roost in it. Before the tar was applied the old nesting material was removed, and the floor, which is of dirt, was well scraped and sprinkled with wood ashes. The chickens began to improve from that time forth, and in less than two weeks not an insect pest was to be found about the house or chickens.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Is "Damn" an Oath?

"Damn," as a noun substantative, is an old regular word, used frequently in English writers down to the first part of the seventeenth century. We do not see why so ponderous a word has been dropped by lexicographers. In some places, as, if we speak of how original sin lies heavy on us, it seems a most appropriate word. "We inherit, with Adam's nature, the damn cleaving to it!" This use of the word came down to our American grandfathers, and lasted even till the time when the "continental currency" was a "dead loss." So came the expression: "Not worth a continental;" "Not worth a continental damn," or "dead loss." And, for short: "Not worth a damn"—or bit of paper that was a dead loss! It is not to the credit of our American lexicographers that they have not recognized this origin of a phrase peculiarly American, and that, if "slang" at first, having a basis in fact, like a countless number of other words, has been enrolled as a factor in our accepted language—as "gerrymandering" has been. The people did better than their writers of primers, grammars and dictionaries. They kept the old words. Damn means a loss—(in American parlance, as above, a worthless scrip.) Damnable, for its general meaning, signifies "worthy of severe censure." Only when used in a theological connection does it imply what Puritans suppose. It, most certainly, is not "swearing!" And, except by the imposition of Puritan signification, it is not cursing! And yet we remember hearing people, using a phrase whose history they know not, say "I do not care a cuss"—meaning a curse.—*Freeman's Journal (Catholic.)*

Worth Remembering.

1. Child two years old has an attack of croup at night. Doctor at a distance. What is to be done? Immediately undressed and put in a warm bath. Then give an emetic composed of one part of antimony wine to two of ipecac. The dose is a teaspoonful. If antimony is not handy, give warm water, mustard and water, or any other simple emetic; dry the child, and carefully wrap it in a warm blanket.

2 Some one's nose bleeds and cannot be stopped.

Take a plug of lint, moisten, dip in equal parts of powdered alum and gum arabic and insert in the nose. Bathe the forehead with cold water.

3. Child eats a piece of bread on which arsenic has been spread for killing rats.

Give plenty of warm water, new milk in large quantities, gruel and linseed tea; foment the bowels. Scrape iron rust off anything, mix with warm water and give in large draughts frequently. Never give large draughts of fluid until those given before have been vomited, because the stomach will not contract properly when well filled, and the object is to get rid of the poison as quickly as possible.

CURING WEAK EYES.—Bathe your eyes daily in salt water; not salt enough though to cause a smarting sensation. Nothing is more strengthening, and we know several persons, who, after using this simple tonic for a few weeks, had put aside the spectacles they had used for years, and did not resume them, continuing, of course, the oft-repeated daily use of salt water. Never force your eyesight to read or work in insufficient or too broad light. Reading with the sun upon one's book is very injurious to the eyes.

Women's Conversation.

What a good thing it would be if women would only speak their minds. There is nothing that honest men desire more than to understand that mysterious race that is so like them and yet so unlike, who share their homes but not their thoughts, who are so shrewd, so practical and so irrational. The poor men yearn to break down the invisible barrier and see into the real life of those they love so well; but the loved ones smile and chatter and say pretty things, and ingenious things, and things they have borrowed from men and improved in the borrowing, but never one word of the real thoughts that are working in their busy brains. So the men flatter and lie because they think the women like it, and women accept it all because they think it is man's nature; and the men think women are empty headed angels; and the women think men are fine intellignt brutes; and the two classes go on loving and despising one another accordingly, and all for the want of a little truthfulness in conversation.

The Profilograph.

Another measuring instrument is described in the French papers—the "profilograph," so called because, when in use it traces mechanically on paper the outlines of the ground over which it travels. It is a small carriage mounted on two wheels, drawn by one man, and attended by another, who marks the levels at the proper places, and underneath hangs an iron rod with a large ball at the lower end, serving as a pendulum. This pendulum maintains a constant vertical position, while the machine inclines in one direction or the other according as it ascends or descends a slope. To the upper end of the rod is fitted a pencil, which marks down on a piece of paper the ups and downs of the country traversed, whether on an ordinary road or across trackless fields—the exact profile being thus recorded to a given scale. At the same time one of the wheels acting, the part of chain-bearer, measures and indicates the distances traveled throughout the survey—the whole being accomplished with complete accuracy.

A Western Marriage.

A newly elected justice of the peace, who had been used to drawing deeds and wills, and little else, was called upon as his first official act to marry a couple who came into his office very hurriedly and told their purpose. He lost no time in removing his hat, and remarked:

"Hats off in the presence of the court.

All being uncovered, he said:

"Hold up your right hands. You, John Marvin, do you solemnly swear that to the best of your knowledge an' belief you take this yer woman ter have an' to hold for yerself, yer heirs, exekyerters, administrators and assigns, for your and their use an' behoof forever."

"I do," answered the groom.

"You, Alice Ewer, take this yer man for yer husband, to have an' ter hold forever; and you do further swear that you are lawfully seized in fee simple, are free from all incumbrance, and hev good right to sell, bargain and convey to the said grantee, yerself, yer heirs, administrators and assigns?"

TEACHING.—Nearly forty years' experience as a teacher has shown me how little I truly know of a subject until I begin to explain it or teach it. Let any young person try the experiment of giving in conversation briefy and connectedly, and in the simplest language, the chief points of any book or any article he has read, and he will at once see what I mean. The gaps that are likely to appear in the knowledge that he thought was his own will be surprising. I know of no training superior to this in utilizing one's reading, in strengthening the memory, and in forming habits of clear connected statement. It will doubtless teach other things than those I have mentioned, which the persons who honestly make the experiment will find out for themselves. Children who read can be encouraged to give, in a familiar way, the interesting parts of the books they have read, with great advantage to all concerned. More than one youth I know has laid the foundation of intellectual tastes in a New England family, where hearty encouragement was given to children and adults in their attempt to sketch the lectures they had heard the evening previous. The same thing was done with books.

Destruction of Timber Lands.

Since 1835 the forest area of the Western hemisphere has decreased at the yearly average rate of 7,600,000 acres, or about 11,000 square miles, and at this rate, in the United States alone, has advanced from 1,600 square miles, in 1835, to 7,000 in 1855, and 8,400 in 1877, while the last two years have been scarcely less exhaustive. Statistics for eighty years previous to 1835 show that we have been wasting the supply of moisture to American soil at the average rate of 7 per cent for each quarter of a century during the last 125 years, and that we are now approaching the limit beyond which any further decrease will materially influence the climate of the entire continent. Many Eastern regions such as Afganistan, Persia, India, and Asia Minor, once possessed a fine climate and abundant harvests, are now often scourged by pestiable that their misfortunes began with the disappearance of their native forests.

Man legislates—woman ornates.

Woman's sphere—The powder ball.

The day school is the place of hire education.

A "squeeze in grain"—Treading on a man's corns.

A printer's wife always puts the baby in small caps.

Kisses sweeten a farewell. They are the jam of a ta-ta as it were.

The man who hanged himself did it of his own free will and a cord.

The girl who bangs her hair often makes the woman who bangs her husband.

The youth who permits his sweetheart to rule him is a misguided young man.

"Mine, miner, minus!" This is the general upshot of speculation in mining stock.

Chicago girls never find it hard to elope. They make rope ladders of their shoestrings.

To check is to stop, except in case of a traveler's baggage, which is checked to make it go.

There are some men so talkative that nothing but the toothache can make one of them hold his jaw.

Never put a bib on a child with a poor appetite. It will be sure to go against his stomach.

It's probably true that the church is the pew-rest place on earth, since so many of the congregation sleep.

It was a young housekeeper who sat the cake she had baked for a party out of doors a cold night to be frosted.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

Och, Katie's a rogue, is thrue,
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate,
She dazed, an' she bothered me, too—

Till one mornin' we went for a ride,
Whin, demure as a bride at my side,
The darlin', she sat,
With the wickedest hat
'Neath purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' my heart, arrah, thin how it bate!
For my Kate looked so temptin' an' swate
Wid cheeks like the roses,
An' all the red posies
That grow in her garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead,
Till she said, with a toss of her head,
"If I'd known that to-day
Ye'd have nothing to say,
I'd have gone with my cousin instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bold,
For I knew she'd not scold if I towld
Uv the love in my heart,
That would never depart,
Though I lived to be wrinkled and old.

An' I said: "If I dared to do so,
I'd kiss go uv the baste, an' I'd throw
Both arms about your waist,
An' be stalin' a taste
Uv them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illigant red
As she said, without risin' her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down
'Neath her lashes so brown,
"Would ye like me to drive, Misther Ted?"

Santa Claus.

Was it not a happy winter-night long ago, dear reader, when you closed your eyes with the glad anticipation that to-morrow's arms would be laden with stockings-ful of toys, and cookies, and nuts, and candies, and whatnot? You fell asleep—didn't you?—uncertain whether Santa Claus did wear a furry coat and trowsers, or smoke a pipe, or drive his team adown the chimney: it was not clear how he could get down the smoky flue, and somehow mother seemed to hold some undefined relation with the nocturnal visiter. With all this incertitude there was enough of mystery in the matter to frighten you just a little,—not quite sufficient to hold your eyelids waking. Then you were but a little boy, and you need not be at all ashamed to confess that when the morning brought a humming-top and whistle, you felt a richer delight than a fat contract yields to you now. Ye men of gravity, pompousness and years,—ye teachers and preachers, ye governors and judges,—speak we not the truth? Certainly we do; though it does seem somewhat odd and preposterous that such important personages as you were once on a time but little shavers who were tickled with toys.—*Typographic Advertiser.*

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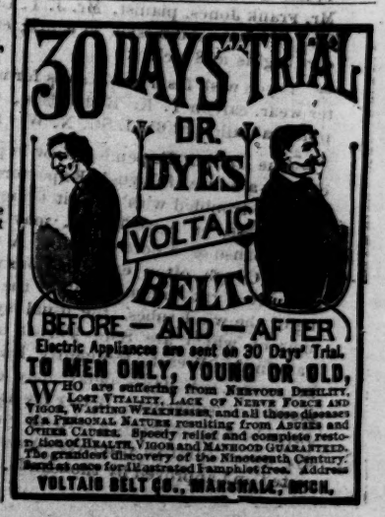

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